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VOL 3

NO 9

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Ralph Page, 382 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.



There seems to me to be at least four stages in the life of a square dancer: 1st, Gee, what fun! You don't know whether you're right or wrong and care less as long as you're having fun.

2nd--

I know all about it! How many dances do you know? Some people stay in this stage longer than others.

3rd--The adolescent. Unhappy unless showing off what you know or demonstrating the latest bit of whirligig mayhem. Some men square dancers never get out of this stage.

4th--Share the wealth of fun and pleasure. You want everyone to have fun and you feel badly when others can't or don't have a good time too, so--you do something about it.

Self-analysis is seldom correct so don't try to place yourself in the proper category; instead, judge somebody else and then keep your findings to yourself, unless you need another enemy.

And that's all for this issue and for the year 1952. NORTHERN JUNKET wishes all its subscribers and readers a very MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Sincerely

Ralph



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ARGUMENT



by
*Louise
Winston*

I read with a great deal of interest Pop Smith's article on Callers Associations in the last issue of the JUNKET. I agree fully with some of his points, especially that there seems little need of or useful purpose in a National Association of callers, or even a New England one, and I most emphatically would oppose a callers' union! However, a local callers' association can be of great benefit to the callers if handled correctly. Pop Smith has pointed out many of the weaknesses existing in callers associations in various parts of the country, and the fact that he recognizes the possible pitfalls should be of great help to a callers association in his area in avoiding these dangers.



For such dangers as he mentions can be avoided and a callers' association can be of great help to both beginning and experienced callers. Proof of this is found in the very active and successful "OLD COLONY CALLERS and TEACHERS ASSOCIATION" which has been in existence in eastern Massachusetts for the past

three years. Its members include almost all of the active callers in the area, with members coming from as far as Boxford in northern, and Worcester in central Massachusetts and with several regular and enthusiastic members from Rhode Island. All the groups of callers mentioned by Mr. Smith - professional, semi-professional, and amateur or beginner - are members, as well as any square dance musicians interested in attending. It was originally planned to meet about four times a year, whenever there was a fifth Sunday in the month, but the members have found the meetings so enjoyable and helpful that they manage to find an excuse for a meeting - or meet without any excuse! - nearly every month.



In the very brief and simple by-laws of Old Colony, the most important article is the one listing the purposes of the association:

1. To improve the quality, perpetuate and extend the knowledge of square, folk, and related forms of the dance;
2. To encourage all members to meet and exchange ideas and solutions to problems involved in presenting the dance to others;
3. To establish better understanding among members;
4. To establish codes of business practices;
5. To conduct classes or workshops for beginner and experienced callers.



A few comments on each of these will show how they have worked out in practice. When the organization was formed, the dancing in a large part of the area was noted for its stamping and, in many places, for a tendency to wildness and roughness. Much of this has now disappear-

ed and has been replaced by a much greater interest in dancing smoothly and well. Credit for the improvement doubtless goes to the greater experience of the average dancer, and also to the discussions at callers' meetings, and to the repeated emphasis on the importance of improving the quality of the dancing.



In perpetuating and extending the knowledge of the dance, the callers are proud of their work with the Loomis Lancers, a beautiful old dance taught to them by one of the members - Jack Kenyon. The callers thought so highly of the dance that they wished to preserve it, and had the calls and music duplicated and made available to all members. Records of the music with and without calls have also been made. When Ralph Page visited Old Colony to conduct an evening of contra dances, the association presented him with a copy of the Loomis Lancers and he in turn taught it to a group at the College of the Pacific in California this summer, so that Old Colony's first efforts to perpetuate and extend the knowledge of a traditional dance of their area seem to have succeeded far beyond their expectations.



Ralph's visit is also an illustration of the benefits the association has derived from the visits of callers from outside the area. The contra dance is not traditional in eastern Massachusetts, and in the area south of Boston its introduction has been extremely slow, largely because most of the callers have not been sufficiently experienced in dancing them to feel any confidence or interest in teaching or calling them. Their meeting with Ralph, one

of the most successful and enjoyable they have had, has stimulated greater interest in contras and shown how much fun they can be. Many callers are now beginning to teach them to their own groups.



In the past three years many callers from various parts of the country have visited the group, danced with us, and called for us, often under arrangements which involved but slight expense to the association. These callers have often taken away with them as much as they have contributed, since they have acquired a greater knowledge of the New England dance picture as well as learning dances or figures not being done in their own area. In turn they have given us an acquaintance with the dances of their region which has added to our knowledge of the general square dance picture in the country and by enriching our background has helped us to do a better job in our own section. They have also discussed various square dance problems with us and have aided us to profit from their rich and varied experience. One unexpected outcome of their visits has been to make us realize and appreciate the wealth of square and folk dance material here at home and the ability and friendly spirit of our dancers.



Pop Smith said there are some callers who should not belong to an association because they would not follow the rules or by-laws and that, whether in or out of an association such callers would be a problem. We have not run in-

to this in Old Colony because we have made no rules for the members to follow. It aims to be merely a meeting place where callers can exchange ideas and have an opportunity for discussion and for growth in their jobs as callers. As to membership, the by-laws provide that "anyone actively engaged in the calling or teaching of square or folk dancing may be eligible". Each person is the sole judge of his own eligibility under this provision, and all are cordially welcomed to come and meet their fellow callers, contribute their knowledge and experience to the group, and learn in turn from the experience of others. The \$.50 annual dues is the only other membership requirement.



Even before the formation of Old Colony there was a very friendly and cooperative spirit among those South Shore callers who were the prime movers in starting the association and this spirit has carried on and has proved contagious as the association has expanded. Of course there are always violent disagreements on dancing and calling problems that have come up for discussion at meetings - it wouldn't be New England if members didn't express their rugged individualism at every opportunity, and that's all to the good! - but the discussions have helped to air those differences and to bring about a better understanding among members of the club.



As to the fourth purpose of the association-to establish codes of business practice-very little action has been taken. At one of the early meetings the question of setting fees for callers was discussed. This soon showed that it would be impossible to set any schedule of fees which would be either fair or sensible for all. There were too many varying factors involved; such as experience and ability of the caller; his popularity and drawing power; the size of the group sponsoring the dance and of the area where it was being held; whether the party was public or private, a "one night stand" or one of a series, and so on.



While no decision was reached, the statements of some of the more experienced callers on their philosophy and practice in setting prices was of great help to the less experienced ones in deciding on policies of their own. Moreover, many of the callers have repeatedly stressed the importance of calling without pay for such groups as Girl Scouts, Veterans, Hospitals, and the like, and various members of the association have contributed many hours to such kind of work.



One decision which was reached at Old Colony's first meeting and which has been strictly adhered to ever since, is that no dances, festivals, or any other such functions shall be sponsored by the association. By this very wise action the group has avoided many of the difficulties foreseen by Pop Smith. The many

festivals, large and small, which are held from time to time in the area are sponsored by dancers' associations or other groups, very often under the leadership of callers in that section, but never with any participation by Old Colony as an association. This has proved to be a most peaceable and satisfying arrangement for all concerned.



The fifth purpose of the association, is to conduct classes or workshops for beginning and experienced leaders. No formal caller's classes have been organized nor are planned but several meetings have been devoted to helping all classes of callers to appraise their own calling technique and improve it. At one such meeting, several callers took their turns at the mike calling for one set of dancers while the rest of the group, using provided checklists, rated each caller as to clarity of voice, timing, etc. The discussion period which followed provided frank and constructive criticism for even the most experienced callers and the program was so stimulating that another was planned.



At this second practice session one of the callers brought a group of four couples who had never square danced. The callers in turn took on the job of educating them in the delights of our hobby, each caller carrying

them along from the point at which the previous one had left them. A lively discussion period then emphasized the good and bad points in the instruction, not only from the point of view of the callers but from that of the new dancers, who told us which instruction had seemed clearest to them and which confusing.



At every meeting there is an opportunity for anyone who wishes to call a dance, and the newer callers are especially invited to do so, to help them gain experience. This has raised the level of calling in the area, since of course no one is willing to coast along and do a sloppy job of calling in such a situation but is anxious to do his best.



All in all the callers of eastern Massachusetts have been very well satisfied with their callers association, which has been thoroughly helpful and enjoyable. We hope that our colleagues in Connecticut and western Massachusetts will have the same happy experience in organizing that we have enjoyed, and we'll be happy to help in any way possible.

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ALONG THE CONTRA TRAIL

by

Ralph Page

(continued from last issue)

The Irish possess a natural flair for both music and dancing, and the Irish Jig has a most wonderful influence over an Irish Heart. You can get into all kinds of trouble and arguments over the origin of the word - jig -. What ever may be its origin, in Ireland it has long stood for a dance, popular with young and old and in all classes.



Let's not lose ourselves in the maze of Irish jigs for the Irish have some lovely contra dances. Waves of Tory; Siege of Ennis; Walls of Limerick; The Kerry Dance; Gates of Derry, to name but a few. Even the names are as attractive enough to make you want to dance.



Few meetings for any purpose took place in Ireland without a dance being called for. It was not unusual for young men, inspired by their sweethearts to dance away the night to the music of the pipes. For the bagpipe is not a monopoly of Scotland. Every village had its piper who, on fine evenings after working hours would gather all the people of the town about him and play for their dancing. Before the gathering broke up, the piper would dig a small hole in the ground before him and at the end of the next dance all present were expected to toss coins into this hole to "pay the piper his due". One very old tune of this character was called "Gather Up the Money". Another tune often used was the one now known as "Blackberry Blossom."



But the harp is really the national instrument of Ireland, and Irish harpers were unsurpassed in skill. Many of the tunes to which we now dance contras were once songs written for the harp. A harp-tune written in 6/8 time was known as a "planxty", and we still dance to one of the earliest known planxties - "Tatter the Road". "Top of Cork Road", and "Father O'Flynn" are other names for the same tune.



An Irish wake meant dancing; not in delight because of the passing, but rather in his or her honor, and as a mark of the esteem in

which the deceased was held. If no musician was present at the time then they danced anyway to their own music that was called "lilting" a tune. Some of these liltts have found their way into the dance music of Ireland.



It is difficult today to realize the extent to which Irish dance and music permeated English life in the 16th and 17th centuries. In the previously mentioned "Playford's Dancing Master", there are many Irish dance tunes given with a key to the dance which was performed to each tune. Some fourteen in all, in the earlier editions.



It is in the realm of music that the Irish have contributed most to New England contras-- Who does not know and love such tunes as "The White Cockade", "Irish Washerwoman", "The Girl I Left Behind Me", "Turkey in the Straw", and numberless more of similar nature? Some of these very tunes were brought over to New England by immigrants in the first wave of colonization.

The English, Irish, and Scottish races constituted the largest numbers of early settlements in northern New England. All three races with an inborn love of dancing. All three races well versed in longways type dances. The English and their highly developed longways dances. The Irish with their well developed skill in music. The Scots with their highly developed techniques and exactness of steps in reels and longways. The Irish and Scottish people with their well-known fondness of holding to the old traditions and ways of their ancestors. Is it any wonder that contra dances flourished from the first in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont? Is

it to be wondered at that we still love them? With our preponderance of natives still of the same racial stock how could it be otherwise?



I know of no New England contra that is completely Irish in character and figures. The side step - seven and threes - which is the basic step in Irish dancing is entirely absent from our contras. Yet the music played for dozens is a direct importation from the Ould Sod.



The Scot, on the other hand, has had a big influence on the steps and figures of many of our line dances. Three favorites come quickly to mind: Money Musk, Petronella, Hull's Victory. The music that we play for Money Musk was written by a butler in the household of Sir Archibald Grant of Money Musk, in the lowlands of Scotland. History tells us that the butler's name was Donald or Daniel Dow and apparently he was a musician of no mean ability for an early collection of Scottish and Irish airs published by Buntings of London contain many tunes attributed to him. The dance originally was known as "Sir Archibald Grant of Moniemusk Reel" and as you would suspect it was too unwieldy a title to have a long life and it was soon shortened to "Money Musk".



"Hull's Victory" is almost step for step the same dance as one known in Scotland as "The Scottish Reform". Proof of this is found on page 49, book 3 of the Pocket Edition of "Scottish Country Dance Books". "Petronella" will be found on page 9 of book 1 in the same series. New England dancers for generations have called it "Pat'nella". "Money Musk" you will find on page 55, book 11 in this series. The English have an interesting "Money Musk" also. The Scottish dance "Strip the Willow" is an interesting version of "Virginia Reel" in turn a descendant of "Sir Roger de Coverly". A still closer relative to "Sir Roger" is the Scottish dance "The Haymakers".



"Pousette" and "Allemande" were both methods of progression in Scottish country dances neither of which is practiced now in our New England contras, though once they were common terms with us. Many old manuscripts of the last century contain both terms over and over again. Here's a dance from the Mussey manuscript, Vermont, dated 1795:

PRESIDENT

1st lady counter ballance with 2nd gent
 1st gent counter ballance with 2nd lady
 Chassa outside, up again, lead down in
 middle, up again
 Cast off 1 couple, mollinotte, alamand
 twice
 Right and left

And another from the manuscript in the Pejepscot Historical Society, Brunswick, Maine:



15
THE ROAD TO RUIN

First & second couple foot it & change
sides

The same back again

Lead down in middle, up again

First & second pousette quite around

This manuscript bears the date November 17th, 1795, and a copy of it was given me by Mrs Eleanor Boyer, Brunswick, Maine. Other old "Call Books" of the same era are full of similar combinations of terms: half or two-thirds of a dance use English terms, the remainder will be Scottish. An interesting bit of data it seems to me. That was soon after the Revolutionary War and no doubt in many districts of northern New England the English were far from being loved, and other terms began to creep into our contra dances. Still others were omitted entirely and American substitutions replaced them. "Set" is one term in particular. It is a common term in both English and Scottish country dances. It corresponds to the New England term "balance". There is an interesting combination of figures in the following dance, also from the "Maine" manuscript:

LITTLE BEN

Set & change sides

The same again

Lead down the middle, up again

Allemande with your partner

Swing corners, swing your partner

And one more from the same source

DICKEY DWINDLE

Hands across quite round

Left hands back again

Promenade three couple round

First and second couple pousetta

These last two dances seem to be a combination of English, Scottish, and Irish; in other words, typically New England.

One of our easiest contras is the dance known as "Pop Goes the Weasel". You know it I'm sure: Down the outside and back; down the center and back; three hands around with the lady; pop her under; three hands around with the gent; pop him under. Now, let's look at an English dance in Volume 1 of the Country Dance Book, by Cecil Sharpe:

POP GOES THE WEASEL

First man & first & second women hands
three once and a half round

First man & second woman stand still and
hold up inside hands, making an arch, whilst
first woman "pops under" to her place

Without releasing hands, first man and second woman go hands three with second man once
and a half round

Second man "pops under" the arch made by
first man and second woman

First couple leads down the middle and
back again

First and second couples swing and change

Doesn't this dance from Warwickshire, a longways "for as many as will", have a familiar ring?

To be continued



Folk Dance House
New York City
30 November, 1952

How do, Ralph;-

As I think you may know, I was up in your baliwick this past month, and it surely was nice to spend some time in the Granite State. Left Boston Friday afternoon, the 14th, and landed in Exeter just in time to meet Jean and Arthut Tufts at the Universalist Church there for a real old-time turkey supper the like of which I'm afraid I shall not see soon again. Served family style, with big platters of roast turkey, baked potatoes, bowls of steaming squash (which came incidently, from the Tufts nursery although Arthur wouldn't take the credit for it) and homemade cranberry sauce and all the other fixin's. The tables and the people sitting around them—all doing their level best to make those vittles disappear—made for a scene that I like to think of as being representative of a certain very important aspect of American life.

But lest you think that I got carried away by high-flown philosophizing, let me hasten to add that I did my best to help dispose of a goodly sized portion of the wonderful food at my table. I won't say that Arthur Tufts, Barney Priest and I had a contest, exactly, but it wasn't long before they had to assign an extra waiter to fetch things to our corner of the room!

Still don't remember exactly how we got there, but eventually a group of folks landed at the Kensington Town Hall, where we loosened up our galluses and had a sort of workshop evening. Everyone there, as it happened, had a good background, dance-wise, so we really went to town and did a number of folk dances that one doesn't have the opportunity to do every day. Also tried out a contra-"Humors of the Priesthouse"-that I'd never seen done, or even heard of before, til I ran across it in one of the old books and became fascinated by the name. It was fun to do, a bit like "Rory O'More" but I'd hate to teach it to a large group for it turned out to be rather tricky.



After spending the night with the Tufts, I traveled on to Dover the next day to call a square dance for the Seacoast Region Association, of which Mal Hayden is the host caller.


Now, I don't want to advertise or to toot my own horn, but that was a good dance, and I do mean good. Not only was it a congenial group of people that got together, but Mal's fiddler pianist, and banjo player were gone guys, really gone. (I know that's a bebop phrase, and not a square dance term, but I think it conveys the idea of what I mean). Which is not to say that they jazzed things up, but only that they succeeded in setting forth a tuneful rhythm that carried everyone away.

Furthermore, we had a lot of fun playing





A few days before Christmas, a week or so
Depending on the weather
The team was hitched to the bob-sled
And the folks drove in to the village.
They did their trading at Davis' General
Store, while Grandfather visited with a
Few old cronies round the pot-bellied
Stove. A mail order box was picked up at
The post office; and then - back home,
Mysterious packages were locked in the
Bedroom closet. With Christmas less than
A week away, the baking began in earnest.
And sweeping and dusting.
The parlor was opened for the first time
Since Thanksgiving.
Fresh husks were put in the bed-tick for
The spare room. The lamps were all filled
their wicks trimmed square, and the
Chimney's shined. An extra lot of wood
Was brought in to the wood box behind
The kitchen stove. Grandfather kept an
Appointment with the fattest goose, out
Behind the barn. Hams and bacon were



Taken from the smoke house
Fresh butter was churned.
Everybody was a-flutter when the
Relatives arrived "from the city" the
Day before Christmas. After supper, all
Went up to the Methodist church for
The children's program.

The youngsters gave their recitations
And got pop-corn balls, oranges and candy.
Back home again, the Tree was lighted and
Grandfather read the Christmas story
According to the Gospels of St Luke
And Matthew. And then - there were
Gifts for all! The parlor stove was
Filled for the night. And in the kitchen
The buckwheat batter was stirred up and
Put at the back of the stove "to set".
Then the children piled into cold beds
Up under the rafters in the "open chamber"
Early Christmas morning, the sound of
The coffee grinder meant, "Everybody Up!"
Because no one wanted to be late for
Morning church service. After church
the Pastor and his family came for dinner
The oldsters spent the afternoon visiting
And picked names out of a hat for
Next year's gifts, while the youngsters
Took to hill and pond.

But Grandfather just snoozed.
In the evening, everyone enjoyed the
Magic lantern slides, followed by
Sandwiches in the kitchen, and "left overs"
Time passed all too soon for the "City
Folks." The whole family piled into the
Bob-sled for the ride down to the depot.
"Number Four at 11:47 was always on time".



Going "Santa Clausin"
the Night Before
CHRISTMAS IN NOVA SCOTIA
by
Clarence Hayden

When I was a boy in Nova Scotia, pre-Christmas celebrating took much the same form as the New England custom of Hallowe'ening, but it was animated by a different spirit and the slogans, Nuts or Noise and Trick or Treat were unknown.

Rigged out in all sorts of home-made costumes and masks ranging from hideous to fanciful to blackface, troops of boys and girls and not infrequently grown-ups, tramped the countryside from village to village and from house to house. Weather didn't matter; snow, slush, mud were all the same. They went singing and blowing horns, and doors were open to all. As like as not, one of the rovers could produce a mouth organ or jews harp and there was shuffling of feet on the kitchen floor. After a few masks were tilted and skirts raised to reveal suspiciously bony, boyish legs, the household made guesses as to the identity of the visitors. The hosts passed around apples, doughnuts and cookies and the invasion continued into the night.

One year, my twin brother was bound that nobody would snatch off his mask and reveal



his identity, so along in the summer he set about making a fool-proof mask in the form of a hood that covered his whole head, even to his shoulders. He hid it away in the poke-hole under the stairs, and brought it out to wear on Christmas Eve. Nobody snatched it off, but he nearly suffocated in the thing, and had to shed it while racing between houses. My older brother didn't bother with a mask; he traditionally blacked up with burnt cork. It went on easier than it came off, and he often went into the New Year with dark shadows under his eyes.

CHALKING THE DOORS

Another Nova Scotia custom was the chalking of the New Year on people's doors after midnight, when the old year had passed on. In some way, as youngsters, it had a special meaning. Of course, church bells had for centuries rung in the new year and the old year out: that in a way was commonplace, although in our village it was not always known who did it. But to open your door on New Year's morning and find that in the secret of the night, some strange hand had set down those new, pure figures in white chalk - well, I think that in some mystic way in our small minds it was credited to Santa Claus.

And, as if preserved by some special Providence, you might still find traces of those mystic symbols as late as mid-summer. You see, nobody ever thought of cleaning them off the door - that would have been bad luck!

Ringing the church bell at midnight to see the New Year in was usually performed by



three or four young fellows from the village as a prank, and accomplished most secretly. On one occasion I well remember, the sexton and janitor was a touchy old fellow, jealous of his authority, who vowed that if anybody got into the church and rang the bell, he'd raise the biggest stink around there. The boys got into the church and rung the bell, as everybody knew they would. But the sexton was as good as his vow. Come spring he shot a skunk. And folks in town and for miles around agreed that he'd raised quite a stink.

There was a man who heard that the oxen talked at Christmas, so he went into his barn on Christmas Eve to see if he could hear anything. After a while they began to talk and he listened, and this is what he heard them say: "Tomorrow we'll be hauling our master to his grave", and he was so frightened that he died.

On Christmas Eve at 12 o'clock the cattle talk, but before they talk something comes to scare you away so you can't stay in the stable.

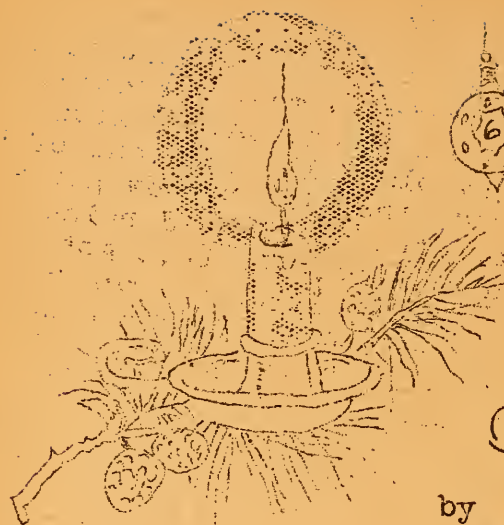
If you look in the mirror on Christmas Eve you see the devil look out.

Pies served for dessert at Christmas are apple, cranberry, and squash.

Spareribs are served with whatever else we have at Christmas.

Green Christmas, full graveyard,
Green Christmas, white Easter

(From "Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia



THE STORY OF GUADALUPE

by
Bill Bunning

(As presented at Wisconsin and Maine Folk
Dance Camps)

NARRATOR: Today our eyes have turned to the enchanted Southwest with its vast distances and blue mesas. Santa Fe...New Mexico.... The Spanish Trail. And tonight our thoughts move even farther south to that Spanish speaking sister-republic of Mexico from whence has come so much of the culture of our own Southwest.

Mexico! Land of romance and contrasts; a land of ice-capped mountains and jungle green tropical valleys; of lonesome deserts and progressive cities. But it is not of modern Mexico that we are thinking now, modern Mexico--- with its paved highways and oil wells. In our mind is a memory of the land that used to be---before the days of airplanes and automobile and streamlined trains.

At the time of Columbus there were Indians in the land we now call Mexico; proud Indians with a high civilization of their own, with arts and crafts and culture developed to a po-



int not at all inferior to similar lands in Europe of that century.

Into this peaceful civilization came the Spaniards, hungry above all things for the gems and gold of the New World. They were warriors which the Indians were not. Led by the cruel and bloodthirsty Cortes, they enslaved the natives and tortured them to obtain their wealth. Time went by, and the Indians were permitted no schooling, no voice in their own affairs. Their only hope, their only bright vision for a better future was in the Church, which told them that all men were equals before God, and that the yellow gold valued as nothing beside the eternal things of the spirit.



In that time long past, almost four hundred years ago, there lived an Indian by the name-- of Juan Diego. Whence he came and who were his family we do not know. But we do know that he was a peon---the poorest of the poor. He had no learning, no knowledge of the great world that lay beyond his little village. A few phrases in Latin he remembered from the masses at the village Church, and the litanies, but that was all. Nor had he any material possessions, save the few cotton rags he wore to keep him warm, and a colorful mantle that he kept flung over his shoulder.

It was on a bitterly cold day in December that he was walking on a windy hillside. What he was thinking on that day, we do not know. Perhaps of his own unhappy poverty, perhaps of the promises of peace on earth and understanding



between all men that he had been taught carefully in the Church. Perhaps he was thinking-- of the Christmas time that was nearing, and the festivals and celebrations that even the poor could join. But on that December day, trudging up the hillside, we can be sure he was not suspecting nor even dreamed of the thing that actually was to happen: of the unbelievable experience that was to come into his life that day.

(Enter Juan Diego walking slowly on a barren hillside, head bent against the wind, mantle closely wrapped about his shoulders. Suddenly before him there appears the Virgin, in a robe of azure blue and a golden crown. There is soft music of Ave Maria in background)

Virgin: (softly) Juan! (Juan stumbles and stops, staring in unbelief)

Virgin: Juan Diego! (She lifts her arm toward him).

Juan: Santissima! It is the Virgin.

Virgin: Juan Diego!

Juan: It is the Virgin! It is the Virgin Mary! (He falls to his knees)

Virgin: Juan, I have come to see you.

Juan: She comes to see me! The Virgin Mary comes to see me!

Virgin: Juan, you are to be my messenger.



Juan: But Santissima, I do not read or write. I am only a poor peon.

Virgin: Juan, I have chosen you. Not for the reading or writing, but because your heart is pure, and in spirit you have always been willing to serve me.

Juan: And I am willing to serve you now, and forever.

Virgin: Juan, I wish you to carry a message for me to the Bishop of Mexico. To him you must say that I wish a church built for me on this hillside where I appear to you now. A church for the people of all Mexico.

Juan: I shall carry your message.

Virgin: A church is to be built on this hillside. I have chosen you to tell the Bishop. (She disappears. Juan remains kneeling. After a while he says unbelievably):

Juan: The Virgin Mary, the Blessed Mary appeared to me, in her golden crown, and more beautiful than all her pictures. She appeared to me, the poorest peon in all Mexico. But she said it did not matter that I could not read or write. She has chosen me to carry her message to the Bishop.

Fadeout, and fade in on scene in Bishop's Palace.

Scene 11. (Bishop is seated, Juan is standing humbly, twisting his sombrero in his hands.)



Bishop: Well, speak up, man. What is it? I have a great many things to do. What is this matter that you could not take up with your parish priest?

Juan: Holy Father, I was walking on the hill side of Guadalupe - (Hesitates)

Bishop: Yes, yes. I dare say you have walked there many times before.

Juan: Yes, father. But as I was walking, the Virgin Mary appeared --

Bishop: Enough! Juan -- did you say your name was Riviera?

Juan: Juan Diego, Father.

Bishop: Juan Diego, I will not have this sacrilege. If you drank too much pulque last night, you can make your confession to your parish priest.

Juan: But Father I had no pulque. I tell you the Virgin appeared to me to give me a message for you.

Bishop: A message for me?

Juan: Yes Father. She told me she wanted you to build a Church for her on the hill of Guadalupe where she appeared to me.

Bishop: (Rising) Juan, my son, there are many things you do not and cannot understand. We have a fine church here in Mexico City. We have many



priests. We have a bishop. These men are deeply schooled in religion and they understand these matters. If the Virgin Mary had wanted a church built, surely she would have appeared to one of us.

Juan: But Father, I was walking on the hillside and the Virgin Mary, with her golden crown-

Bishop: Juan, I will hear no more of this. Whatever is troubling you, make your confession to your parish priest. Let the men of the church deal with matters that they understand and you do not.

(Scene fades and Juan is walking again on the hillside, and the Virgin appears as before. Soft humming of Ave Maria.)

Scene 111:

Virgin: Juan!

Juan: Holy Mother! (Falls to knees)

Virgin: Juan Diego!

Juan: You are real! I can see you! I can hear you! I know you are real! You are appearing to me!

Virgin: Juan, did you carry my message?

Juan: Holy Mary, I carried the message. But the Bishop would not believe me.

Virgin: You must go again.



Juan: He does not believe me. He says that I was drinking the pulque, which I was not.

Virgin: You must go again.

Juan: I will go. (Virgin disappears. Scene changes back to Bishop and Juan.)

Scene 1V

Bishop: In the Lord's work, we are patient, Juan. So I am willing to hear you again.

Juan: It has happened to me another time, Father. I was walking on the hillside, and she appeared to me again, the Holy Virgin to whom we pray.

Bishop: Were you alone? With whom had you been drinking?

Juan: Father, I had not been drinking. No pulque. No nothing. It was cold and I was taking a shortcut on my way home.

Bishop: And you say the Virgin appeared to you?

Juan: It was the second time. And she told me again the message she gave me before - that I must tell you to build a church for her on the hill of Guadalupe.

Bishop: Juan, my son, you are a poor Indian. You are untaught and I might say ignorant. There have been Bishops here in the past who would not have heard you as I have. Bishops who would have had you cast out of the church, and denied your soul salvation for repeating



such a story as you have told me.

Juan: Yes, Father.

Bishop: But I am a patient man. My son, in the long history of the church there are records of many strange and wonderful things. But if you wish me to believe such a story you must have proof. Surely you realize that if the Virgin were to appear in Mexico, she would appear to me, her trusted servant, and not to a poor peon?

Juan: Yes, Father.

Bishop: So now, Juan, my son, I tell you this. Do not come back to me with this story another time. Not unless you have proof, unless you bring me a sign.

Juan: Yes, Father.

(Hillside scene again. Juan trudges along, Virgin appears. Ave Maria humming.)

Scene V.

Virgin: Juan Diego!

Juan: (On knees) Holy Mary!

Virgin: Did you carry my message?

Juan: I carried your message, but the Bishop would not believe.

Virgin: What did he say?



Juan: He told me not to come back unless I could bring him a sign, proof that I had seen you.

Virgin: Juan Diego, you shall have a sign.

Juan: Then I will carry your message again and your church shall be built.

Virgin: At the top of this hill you shall pick flowers.

Juan: But - but it is December. There are no flowers blooming.

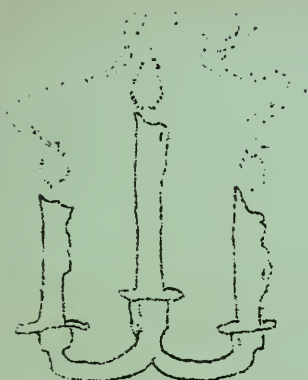
Virgin: And you shall wrap them in your mantle and carry them to the Bishop.

Juan: Even in spring and summer there are no flowers on this dry hillside.

Virgin: And these flowers shall be the sign for the Bishop.

Juan: Yes, Santissima. (Virgin disappears. Juan remains kneeling, head bowed. Curtain is drawn momentarily and flowers appear. Juan is in same kneeling position. Slowly he lifts his head and looks around.)

Juan: Look, look! There are flowers. All about me are flowers. Never have I seen anything bloom on this hillside, and in December there are no flowers anywhere. (He picks a blossom) Roses! And such roses I have never seen before! What wonderful blossoms! It is a mir-



acle! A true miracle! And I am the messenger of the Holy Mary! (Scene changes back to Bishop and Juan).

Scene VI.

Bishop: Juan, I have admitted you this last time. You remember what I told you?

Juan: Yes, Father.

Bishop: That you must not repeat your story unless you brought me a sign?

Juan: Yes, Father.

Bishop: Have you brought me such a sign?

Juan: Yes, Father. (He opens his mantle. Flowers cascade to the floor, and on the mantle is a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe)

Bishop: Roses! Roses in December! And a picture of the Virgin upon your tilma! It is the sign! It is the sign! Juan Diego, I believe you! I believe it all! The Virgin is not the property of the church or the priests or the Bishops. She is the sainted Mother of us all, the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the learned. She has chosen you surely, because your heart is purer than ours. Juan, my son, the church shall be built. It shall be started to-



tomorrow. It shall be the finest in all Mexico. (Falls to knees before mantle) And this mantle shall be enshrined there, to be forever a testimonial that the Virgin appeared to a simple peon on a cold December day. And it shall be a testimonial that his faith was greater than mine.

(Singing of Ave Maria. Fadeout)

Narrator: These things happened long ago. Nearly four hundred years have gone by since the Virgin Mary appeared to Juan Diego on that windy hillside on the Twelfth of December.

But the passing years have not dimmed the lustre of the story, nor the memory of the rich faith that can grow in the human heart, even though the mind has had no schooling, even though the purse be empty.

(Silhouette of church appears on screen)

The beautiful church that the Bishop promised was built, and Guadalupe became the patron saint of all Mexico. It is the only recorded appearance of the Virgin in the Americas, indeed in all the Western Hemisphere.

And today when Mexico is becoming modernized, the Virgin of Guadalupe is still revered and loved, enshrined in the hearts of the rich and the poor. The church is still there, and the mantle with its picture of the Virgin, all the colors still undimmed by the passing centuries, reposes in the sanctuary; in memory of

that miraculous meeting long ago of the Virgin Mary and the penniless poor Juan Diego.

(Humming Ave Maria. Bells ring back of the church silhouette)

REPORT FROM ENGLAND

by Joseph Fagan



Like most civilized people in the world who have heard about and know a little of the meaning of Xmas, we in England make it the best excuse for grand celebrating. We have parties, some in the form of banquets, and others much smaller and confined to the family. We easily forget all of the nasty things that others say about and do to us, and as far as possible it is the time for giving and receiving, both in presents and good wishes.

There is no dancing of course on Xmas Day, except in the private clubs, but one of the many Xmas celebrations in many of the counties and especially in County Durham, is the holding of a dance which commences at three minutes past midnight and carries on until the early hours of the morning. This of course, to make the dance legal, for although it would appear to be held on Xmas Day, it is actually commenced when the following day, the 26th, is only

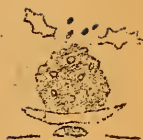


three minutes old.

And what kind of dancing do we do? At this particular celebration we are not really fussy, therefore we see such dances as "Balling the Jack, Okey Cokey, Palaise Glide, Lambeth Walk etc" which are not welcome during the year--enjoying a rejuvenated popularity. The bulk of our dances are the Modern Ballroom Dances, and what I believe you term Round Dances or Old Time Dances.

Our Modern Dances include the Modern Waltz, Quickstep, Foxtrot and Tango. The Old Time Dances include such veterans as the Vele-ta, Military Two Step, Eva Three Step, Marine Four Step, Dashing White Sergeant, Lancers, Progressive Barn Dance, etc., and I have just received the script for two new old time style dances which were invented in September of this year. They are called the Coronation Waltz, and the Camillia Tango, both of them being very nice looking dances. Should you desire a copy of both of these dances complete with music, let me know and I shall let you have them per return post. I have no need to tell you that they will be copyright, but as an editor, you will know how to protect it.

Country Dancing over here is an activity conducted chiefly through our education committees and classes as "Further Education" for adult groups. However we do have certain groups which organize a night of country dancing for the general public, and it is here where American Square Dancing is accomplished. I myself,



am never in a position to attend any of these country dances, mainly because my evenings are occupied conducting Leaders Courses in American Square Dancing under the auspices of the Durham Education Committee, plus classes in Modern Ballroom Dancing, under the same auspices--for the Service of Youth, plus my own class pupils in my own studio.

If you were to ask me how American Square Dancing is progressing over here, I should immediately reply that in this part of the county at least, it is having a struggle. But, it is slowly but surely gaining ground, and in this county I am one of those extremely few persons who do instruct in it and demonstrate it whenever the opportunity arrives.

At the time of writing I am conducting three classes each week in American Square Dancing and I do hope that through the medium of these classes I shall be able to organize the beginnings of a Square Dance Association of Country Dancing. I say this with confidence, because I have already propounded my theories to these groups, each of which appear to be more than a little interested. But please sir, don't think that I am an expert; I can do this only because I know a little more than most people in County Durham about American Square Dancing and that is chiefly due to such generosity as is shown by such people as your very good self Rickey Holden, Mary Jo Bradford, Bob Benjamin and Walter and Vera Meier, who are making sure that I receive their respective literature.

In closing Mr Page, I should like to tell



you of, and enclose instructions for a Progressive Circle Dance which I find extremely popular wherever I teach and call. It is called Lancashire Barn Dance. The enclosed programme too, may be of interest to your readers; it was held Saturday, 6th September, in Spennymoor Town Hall. 7:30-11:30 p.m. Tickets, 2/6

Programme from the following:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Circassian Circle | 14. Winster Galop |
| 2. Old Time Waltz | 15. Soldiers Joy |
| 3. Military Two Step | 16. Waltz Country Dance |
| 4. Veleta | 17. Morpeth Rant |
| 5. Pride of Erin | 18. Dashing White Sergeant |
| 6. Ideal Schottische | 19. Scottish Reform |
| 7. Sylph | 20. Eightsome Reel |
| 8. Drops of Brandy | 21. Hamilton House |
| 9. St Bernard's Waltz | 22. Glasgow Highlanders |
| 10. Corn Rigs | 23. Dalkeith Strathspey |
| 11. La Russe | 24. Gay Gordons |
| 12. Lancers | 25. Highland Schottische |
| 13. Cumberland Square Eight | |
| 26. Yorkshire Square Eight. | |





CHRISTMAS FOOD

Crepes au Lard (Quebec)

6-8 slices salt pork
2 cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 eggs 2 cups milk

Fry salt pork to a delicate brown. Into a bowl sift the flour mixed with salt. Beat the eggs and add the milk. Pour this mixture slowly into the flour to form a smooth batter. Pour the batter over the individual pork slices, fry on both sides. Serve very hot on heated plates. Grated maple sugar is delicious sprinkled over these pancakes.

Croquignolles De Quebec (Quebec Doughnuts)

1/3 cup butter	2 egg yolks, beaten
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten	1/3 cup milk
	1 tablespoon brandy
1 cup sugar	3 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream butter until soft and fluffy, add to this the egg yolks, then the stiffly beaten egg whites, milk, brandy and sugar. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add to the first mixture. Roll this dough 1/3 inch thick, cut in rounds, making gashes in the top of each "dough nut". Fry in deep hot fat (370) drain and roll



in brown sugar. The Quebec cooks claim that a better flavor is obtained if the dough is chilled overnight before frying.

No New England Christmas was complete unless we had popcorn balls and colored corn to help decorate the tree. In many homes too, taffy was considered a must. Having a partner who knew how much butter to rub on your hands and how to pull and loop the candy was as important as selecting a partner for a dance.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy

2 cups molasses	1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon vinegar	1 teaspoon soda

Mix the molasses, sugar, and vinegar. Boil until brittle when dropped in cold water. Add the salt, butter, and soda, stirring in quickly. Pour onto a buttered platter. When cool enough to handle, pull until light.





1 cup molasses $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar 3 quarts popcorn
 1 tablespoon butter

Rød Grød Med Flød
(Fruit Pudding with Cream)

Clean and wash the currants and raspberries, and place in a kettle. Cover with water and cook until tender. Strain. Force through a fine sieve. Mix the sugar and potato flour or cornstarch, and add a little water. Stir carefully into the juice and pulp. There should be about 4 cups of juice and pulp. Heat and stir until thick and clear. Serve cold or hot with cream.





Roast Goose and Cabbage (Yugoslavia)

1 goose 3 onions, sliced
3 heads cabbage, chopped fine
Salt and pepper

Clean and prepare goose for roasting. Cut into portions, place in roasting pan and put in a hot oven (450) about 20 minutes, reduce heat to 350 and continue roasting until tender. Four off most of the fat from goose into a large saucepan; saute the onions and when a golden brown add the finely chopped cabbage. Cook for several minutes; then place pieces of goose on top of cabbage, Cover tightly and simmer for 1 hour.

Fruit Candy (Vermont)

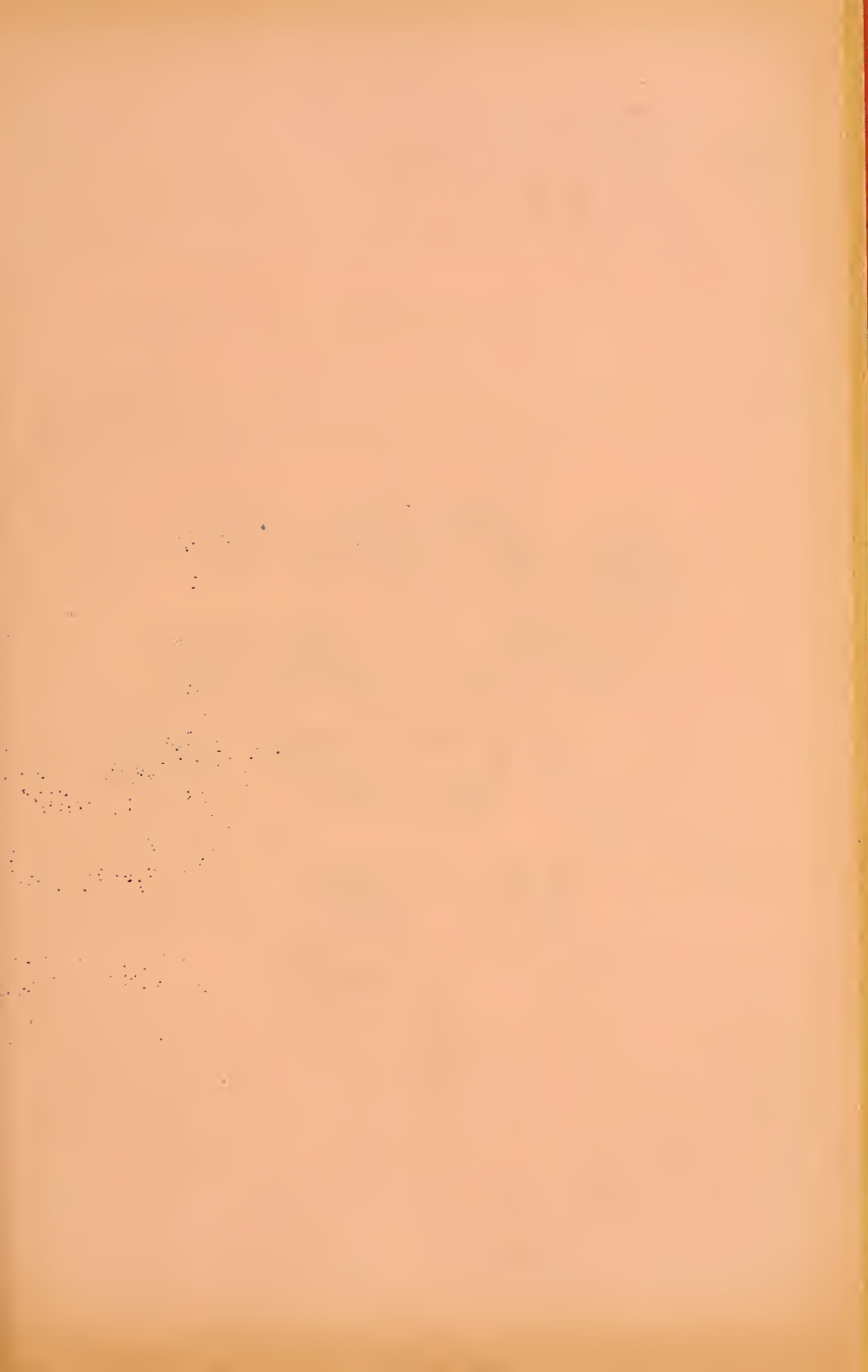
1 lb each figs, dates Juice of 1 lemon and
and raisins 1 orange
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb shelled walnuts 1 lb icing sugar

Mix well and form into long rolls. Let stand to harden, cut in small pieces.

Candied Marshmallows

Cut marshmallows in halves. Make a syrup of 2 cups sugar and 1 cup hot water and small pinch of cream of tartar; boil this syrup until when tested in cold water it will not form a ball but only be firm in bottom of cup. Add essence of peppermint to taste and stir until creamy. Dip the marshmallows in it with a spoon and dry on waxed paper.

MERRY CHRISTMAS





some of the nice flavorful old-time tunes. I recall that we used, among others, "Swallow Tail Jig, The MacDougalls, Pretty Little Whippet, Rick ett's Hornpipe," and the "Family Quarrel". It's not every orchestra that can play these, and so it's only right to make mention when they do.

Speaking of Rickett's Hornpipe of course reminds me of the dance which goes by the same name. Had a good time doing it, since it's just a little bit different; goes like this: a triple minor contra, 1st, 4th, etc. couples are active--but don't cross over.

Forward and back six
Circle right half way round
Active couples up the center and
back down to place
Cast off, forward and back six
Circle left round to place
First four right and left four

(Ed.note: "Where'd you find this version of Rickett's Hornpipe, Rich?")

The next day, Sunday the 16th, I hurried back to Boston to take advantage of the opportunity to see and hear Herb Greggerson once again, as he was at the Ponkapoag Grange Hall in Sharon, Mass. sponsored by the Old Colony Callers and Teachers Association. Boy, he sure is just about tops among western-I should say Tex as-style square dance calling. He didn't get to call all evening, which was a bit disappointing to me personally, but rather alternated with a number of different callers from the ranks of the association. Evidently the idea was to permit an exchange of material, and it's not a bad idea at that. Certainly we learned a good deal from him and I dare say he got a



good idea of the sort of thing that the callers and dancers from that part of the Bay State like and do.

Particularly I remember the variation of "forward up six and back" that he showed; not the familiar triple duck, but a combined triple and double duck that really got everyone going. Then too, I liked the way he built up the crowd psychologically until at the end, when he "threw in the clutch" then barked "promenade Red HOT!" he practically brought down the house.

Very different, but also very enjoyable has been the weekend which ended just a couple of hours ago. The travel this time involved a jaunt to Manhattan, where Michael and Mary Ann Herman (both recovering well from their hospital sessions) sponsored the second annual kolo jamboree. And quite an affair it was too.



Friday night, everyone having recovered from their Thanksgiving dinner, some four hundred people, including a fair share of out-of-townners like myself, packed the big gym at Central Needle Trades High School to listen and dance to the music of the Banat Tamburica orchestra. Once again, here was music played by men who knew well their stuff and obviously enjoyed playing.

The Hermans sure know how to run a party. They'd organized the decorations beforehand, so that when John MacDougall and I arrived at the studio Friday afternoon, we found Dorothy and

Jacques Wesson of the Minnesota Federation already hard at work putting together wall panels that Hec Garcia had previously cut out. We helped what we could, and were joined shortly by Dave Rosenberg and Nancy Kane of the Washington, D.C. group. Dave immediately got that wonderful imagination of his in high gear and soon had erected a three-dimensional tambouritzza about eight feet high out of cardboard. By the time he'd finished painting it, stringing it, sticking paper flowers between the frets and generally draping crepepaper around it, it was a wonderful sight to see!

So we took it and the panels to the gym and by the time the crowd arrived, the place had a truly festive air which, incidently, was much enhanced by the colorful costumes which folks wore. By far the greater portion of dancers there had on at least some part of a costume, the total effect being very gay. It's too bad more people, especially the men, don't realize how worthwhile is the effort it takes to dress up a little. Attend one of the Herman's parties and you'll spot the difference.



The party itself ran very smoothly and followed the mimeographed program. It listed 37 dances, not counting the kolos, which were listed in sets of three - and we did them all, running the gamut from TOTUR and MASQUERADE, through PANT CORLAN YR WYN, MEITSCHI PUTZ di, and the VELETA, to the exotic ones like the HO-PAK, KRAKOWIAK, and the BESEDA.

The best - naturally - was the tremendous lift that the orchestra gave us all when they set up shop in the center of the floor as the kolo serpentine around them. RAMUNSKO, NATALI JINO, DJURDJEVKO, ZAPLET, KUKUNJESTJE, JEFTANOVI-CEVO, MALO-even though we couldn't all pronounce them, it was a lot of fun to join the line and try to follow the leader.



And speaking of leaders, I think that everyone who attended will not soon forget a young man whom the Wessons brought with them from St. Paul; Dick Crum. We found out later that he's just returned to America from a summer spent touring with a student group through Yugoslavia - but it was obvious at the time that he'd sure picked up a knowledge of kolos somewhere. At the workshop which the Hermans had here this afternoon, he gave an informal talk about his experiences, stressing the exhilarating spirit which he found among the people with whom he danced over there; and then, nobly supported by the Wessons and Arden Johnson, he put on a demonstration consisting of three very interesting dances.

The first was HOPSAJOIRI DRMES, similar to the Drmes that the Hermans have recorded, but with a slow section in it that gave them a chance to catch up, as it were. The second was: PAJDUŠKATA, unlike any kolo I'd ever seen. More akin to some of the Greek dances, with a high leap and turns, it struck me as having more of an Oriental flavor than most of the kolos do. Last, and by far the scene-stealer was ŠUPŠKO KOLO, strictly a show-off affair for men only. As it happened, the three men were in Slovenian costumes (boots, very wide-cut trousers, white shirts, and embroidered maroon blazer jackets)

so they were truly something to watch as they clasped each other's upper arms, threw out their chests, and leaped and strutted about six inches off the floor. What a riot! I gathered that originally the steps were improvised and that the sequence that Dick brought back was one that had been used for exhibition purposes; nevertheless it was impressive.

Even the orchestra - Milan Yosich, Vlada Vesdimir, and Zdravka Vezdimir had kindly consented to return for the workshop -- got going on that one, accompanying the record that Dick had had made while in Yugoslavia. Which isn't to infer that they weren't kept busy most of the afternoon. Mary Ann had had us practicing the Irish Four Hand Reel until they arrived, so the whole bunch was warmed up, ready to go, the minute they walked in. And so we did; I don't know just where, but I'd hate to have to count the number of miles that we all traveled.

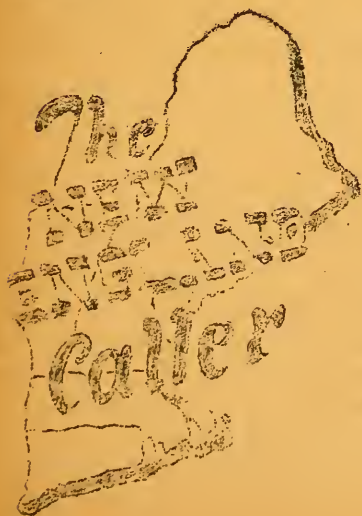
Which means of course, that it was a grand weekend, even if Ted Sannella did kick me out of bed. But that's another story--maybe next month.

Sincerely

Rich Castner

Dance Listings. Club & Federation News. Record and Book Reviews. Pictures. All pertaining to Square & Folk Dance Activities in New England. - \$1.50 per year

CHARLIE BALDWIN, editor
P.O. Box 950
Brockton, Massachusetts





SQUARE DANCE



Whirligig and Cheat.

Music - Whatever you like; maybe "Devils Dream"

The Dance

First lady out to the right and turn
that man by the right hand around
Back to your partner by the left hand
around

Turn the opposite gent by the right hand
around

Back to your partner by the left hand
around

The gent on the left by the right hand
around

Back to your partner by the left hand
around

And that lady cheat or swing - anywhere
in the hall or the ring

Now two ladies out to the right etc.
Then three ladies out to the right etc.
And all four ladies out to the right etc.

Then all four men to the right of the
ring etc.

Everybody balance your corners and
everybody cheat or swing

Use any ending you wish to, though it is
not necessary to have any.

After every cheat or swing call "go back
home and swing your own; don't get
caught cheating your own".

CONTRA DANCE

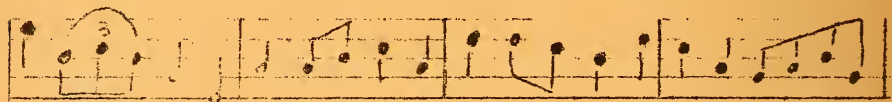
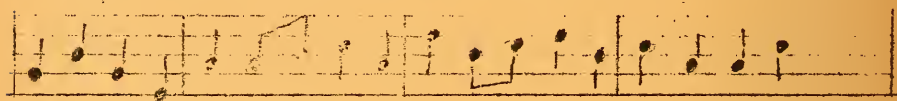
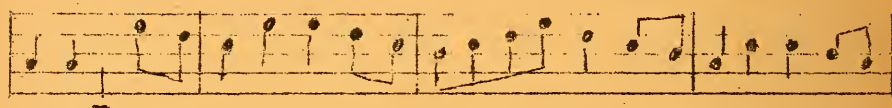
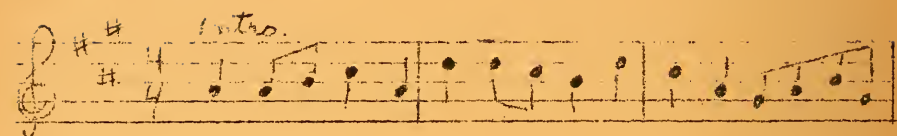
Miss Brown's Reel

The Dance

First lady swing the second gent
 First gent swing the second lady
 First couple down the center and back
 Cast off, forward and back four
 First gent swing partner
 Right and left four

This is a triple minor contra. 1st, 4th etc are active. DON'T cross over.

FOLK DANCE

Pant Corlan Yr Wyn (Welsh)

Transcribed by
Henry Plotkin



The Dance



Formation: In threes, with man between two women facing CCW. Groups of three are arranged in circle around the room, one behind the other

1. Man holds outside hand of each lady in his closest hand straight down in front of him. Women join inside hands above and behind head of man (thus "crowning" him).

All begin on right foot and take 4 schottische steps forward, ccw, with subtle lift replacing the schottische hop.

All take 4 similar steps backwards. On last step, man backs under ladies' joined hands and faces both of them as ladies stand hip to hip.

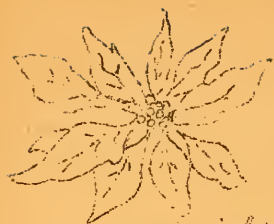
2. All step on right foot and swing left foot across with hop on right. Then step on l. and swing r in same manner. Repeat to right & left. Take 8 small running steps to the right revolving once ccw and finish in open position with man in center taking closest hand of each lady. Ladies have free hands on hip. Face CCW.

3. All begin on right foot and take two schottische steps ccw. Then take 4 slow walking steps backward.

4. Man takes 2 schottische steps forward while ladies do same while turning outward and moving back to a new partner. All walk forward 4 walking steps with new threesome.

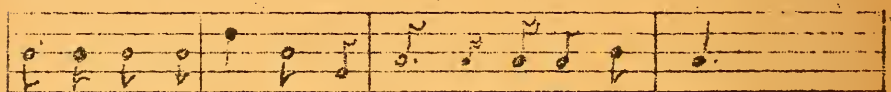
I learned this from the Hermans at Maine Folk Dance Camp (T.S.)



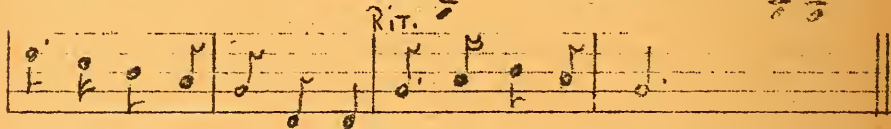
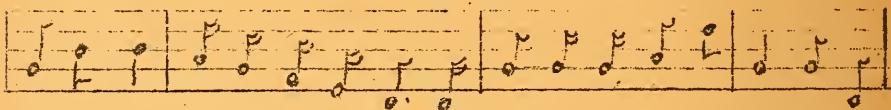


FOLK SONG

A Hunting Song



Chorus



Come, all ye jolly sportsmen,
 Who love to hunt the fox,
 Who love to chase bold Reynard
 Across the hills and rocks;

Chorus

With a hoot toot toot and a hullo,
 All in that merry trim,
 Rin-tin-tan, rippy, tippy tan
 Away to the Royal Dover!
 Ri-tu, di-mu, goes the bugle horn,
 Sing fa la la, diddy I, diddy um,

Through the woods we'll run, brave boys,
Through the woods we'll run!

Oh, the first man I met was a teamster,
A-standin' by his team,
He said he saw bold Reynard a-swimming
In yonder stream;

Chorus:

Oh, the next man I met was a lame man,
As lame as he could be,
He said he saw bold Reynard
And chased him up a hollow tree;

Chorus:

Oh, the next man I met was a blind man,
As blind as he could be,
He said he saw bold Reynard
As far as he could see;

Chorus:

With a hoot toot toot and a hulloo
All in that merry trim,
Rin-tin-tan, rippy, tippy tan,
Away to the Royal Dover!
Ri-tu, di-nu, goes the bugle horn,
Sing fa la la, diddy ', diddy um,
Through the woods we'll run, brave boys,
Through the woods we'll run.

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REPORT FROM THE CAPE

by
DICK ANDERSON

A total of 109 persons are registered in the two classes being sponsored by the Cape Cod Square and Folk Dance Association. Twenty-four pupils attend the adult beginner's class every Tuesday night at Yarmouthport and are well on their way to becoming accomplished dancers. Eighty-five pupils attend the Intermediate class at Sear's Memorial Hall every Wednesday night. Dick Anderson, instructor for both groups finds the favorite dances of the Intermediate class are Sackett's Harbor, International Waltz and squares of a western flavor.

Both classes are scheduled to terminate before the Christmas Holidays and plans for another series of both Beginner and Intermediate classes are being considered, after the first of January.

The CCSAFDA will sponsor the Fifth Annual Cape Cod Festival at Ezra Baker Auditorium on Route 28, Saturday, January 24th with Al Brundage of Stepney, Conn. as the featured caller along with several demonstration sets.

One hundred and fifty members of the CCSAFDA attended the Annual meeting at Ezra Baker Auditorium, November 27th and selected the fol-

lowing officers for the current season: President; Jay Schofield, Vice President; Avard Craig Secretary; Mrs Eva R. Richards, Treasurer; Lloyd Simmons, Directors; Dick Anderson, Payson Jones and Roy Anderson.

The November meeting of the CCSAFDA was held at the Falmouth Recreation Center with J. Schofield as the featured caller. Members of the Falmouth Square Dance Club acted as hosts to Association members and relinquished their regular date at the Center in order to make this affair possible.

One hundred forty young folks attended the first "Youth Night" program of the season at Lyceum Hall, Yarmouthport, sponsored by the Town of Yarmouth. This program will continue every second and fourth Mondays through the season. An equally large number of young folks and adults attended the two sessions conducted by Dick Anderson at the Tisbury High School, Vineyard Haven. The next monthly visit will be on December 13th.



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by
HERB WARREN

REPORT FROM VERMONT

Another visit with Selah George was over due -always a chance to learn more of country side goings-on years back. So I wheeled into the dooryard in Ely shortly before Thanksgiving, got a friendly handshake at the door, and was shown into the sitting room.

Of course, I was expecting to hear how Vermonsters light-footed it a couple of generations ago, together with any matters in interest, public or private, that might be thrown in for good measure; we settled the weather, and a few kindred subjects. After we had settled some of the neighbor' doings past and present for a few moments, Selah came right out with:

"How about that fella you brought along one day last winter; seemed to know a lot 'bout 'string' dances?"

"Oh, the fella from Keene, you swapped the calls of Durang's Hornpipe with?"

"Yes, that's the one. Did seem to know

more'n the general run of 'em."

"Well, I guess mebbe he does. You know he's been digging up a lot of old stuff the last few years; he's just come up with a pip-pin, nobody know anything about; it's goin' to be a house afire down country. A little tricky in places, but a beauty when done right. Smooth as--"

"How's it go?" broke in Selah.

"Why don't cross over; forward six and back; six hands three-quarters round to right; heads sashay, cast off, turn contry corners----" I saw the amused look in Selah's eye, but I was set on telling him all about that newly-discovered old dance, and went through the calls, wondering about the reaction.

Selah didn't say anything for a minute just smiled good naturedly, then: "We used to dance that dance, not late years, but sixty, seventy years ago. As you say, it wan't no dance for the cow-gaited crowd, but some of us thought it pretty special. Ed Dayton, lived in Orford used to call it, and fiddled at th' same time.

"How he could fiddle! He could make his fiddle tell you what to do without saying a word. Some of the folks said that Ed could go to sleep fiddlin'. P'raps he did, but I don't hardly think so. You ought to have heard him-- I'd rather have Ed Dayton fiddlin' half asleep than any of the rest of 'em wide awake."

"Well, I guess Selah, all things considered, I guess we ought to get that Keene fella up to Ely some day before mud time, hadn't we?"

"Why, it wouldn't do no harm, s'far's I can see."

NOTES ON A D A N C E



From Roger Knox, Ithaca, N.Y. comes the following information about SACKETT'S HARBOR, an old New England contra dance that's sweeping the country.

"It's a town and harbor (now spelled SACKETS HARBOR - one T, no apostrophe) about 10 miles west of Watertown, N.Y. on Lake Ontario. According to my New York State WPA Guidebook, on July 19, 1812, five British battleships sailed into the harbor and were met by the American ship "ONEIDA" and a land force of farmers equipped with a single cannon named "The Old Sow" which fired the first shot of the war of 1812.

"This gun was a 32 pounder and the Americans had only 24 pound ammunition which they wrapped in carpeting. The British fire 'broke nothing but the Sabbath' (It was a Sunday, too according to my perpetual calander). Finally a British 32 pound ball landed and was fired back. It dismasted the "ROYAL GEORGE". Meanwhile the other British ships had been crippled by the ONEIDA'S 16 guns and the British withdrew.

Since I read the foregoing I checked in

Mahan's naval history and the battle he describes was about a year later, the British landing troops to the south of the town. But I like the "Old Sow" story better. This gun was said to have been captured by Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga.

Sackets Harbor was also a shipyard to the U.S. during the war. Apparently we had much better facilities on the Great Lakes than did the British."

And from Clarence Hayden, Rochester, N.H.:

"Remembering the name in connection with the war of 1812, I looked it up in the Public Library and find that Sackett's Harbor was the American naval station or headquarters of naval operations on Lake Ontario, and one would assume that it was on the American shore.

"From there your imagination can carry on as far as you please; even under the stress of war, and possibly on account of it, they managed to find time for "jollification". If I can dig up anything further on the subject I will be glad to let you know."

And from Randall Doughty, Fitchburg, Mass. a newspaper item from the Fitchburg, "Sentinel"--from a column "100 Years Ago Today":

"Ivers Phillips of Fitchburg was among directors chosen for the Sackets Harbor & Saratoga Railroad Co."

Thanks folks for what you've found. We're still looking for the music. Such a fine dance must have had a special tune written for it. We are haunted by the memory of seeing "Sackett's Hornpipe" somewhere, but to date it escapes us.



by
Angie

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FOLK DANCE
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OF MINNESOTA

NEWS OF MINNESOTA AND
SURROUNDING TERRITORY

\$1.50 per year

Box 51 University Sta.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

NORTHERN JUNKET

Vol. 3 No. 9

Two Dollars a year

20¢ per copy except
Christmas issue, @ 25¢

Editor-----Ralph Page

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Send subscriptions to

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182 Pearl St.

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FROM

NEW HAMPSHIRE
FOLK FEDERATION



APRIL 24 & 25

9TH

ANNUAL

NEW ENGLAND FOLK

FESTIVAL